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SANDMAN TIME

ILSIEN NATHALIE GAYLORD

Journal de Conchyliologie. - Petit (Amérique)

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SANDMAN TIME

BY

ILSIEN NATHALIE GAYLORD

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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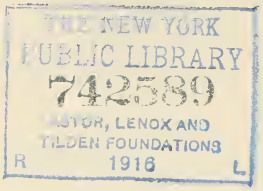

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BLIGHTS' WEEKLY.

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FLOWER BABIES

FLOWER BABIES

I know where some babies are snug asleep,
All in a long straight row.
And I know that someone is singing to them,
Singing soft and low.

And all night long the babies sleep
And dream baby dreams, you know.
And the little stars are listening, too,
To the singing soft and low.

Shall I tell you where these babies are?
You never can guess, I know.
And shall I tell you just who it is
That is singing soft and low?

Why, the little flowers are the babies, Dear,
Out in the garden, you know.
And the big pine-tree is singing to them,
Singing soft and low.

THE LITTLE SAND-MEN

THE LITTLE SAND-MEN

I wonder, Dear, if you've ever heard
  About the queer little men,
Who come slipping in, when the light grows dim,
  And it's sleepy-time again?

They're the funniest, cutest little Elfin men,
  And they dress in the strangest way,
With queer little peakèd caps on their heads,
  And tight little suits of grey!

And each little fellow has—what do you think?
  A fat little bag full of sand
Hung over his shoulder, and he grabs it tight
  With his funny little elfin hand.

And when you aren't thinking about them at all,
  These funny little sand-men creep
Up close, and sprinkle some grains on your eyes,
  And then you go straight to sleep.

At least, that's what my Nursie told me
When I was little like you;
But I think perhaps 't was a fairy tale,
So I'm not very certain it's true.

For she laughed when I wanted to see one, and said
There were some things she couldn't get.
And I've watched and watched, but I've never seen
A single little sand-man yet!

STAR BABIES

STAR BABIES

Do you see those cunning little white clouds
  Floating right up there in the sky?
Just guess, if you can, what those little white clouds
  Are going to do by and by.

And you see the shining bright stars way up there,
  And the little wee baby ones, too?
Well, the big bright stars are the Mamas, you know,
  And what do you s'pose they do?

Well, all of those little wee baby stars
  Are sleepy as they can be.
So they must be put all snug in their beds,
  And covered up nice, you see.

And those little white clouds floating up in the sky,
  Are the dear little covers that go
On the wee little beds of the baby stars,
  To keep them all warm, you know.

THE FAIRIES' BALL

THE FAIRIES' BALL

Listen, Dearie! What do you suppose I've just heard
Over in the Arbor there,
Where the roses are nodding and whispering low,
All in the soft evening air?

Why, the Fairies are coming to have a dance
Right in our Garden, Dear!
For this is Mid-summer Night, you know,
The Elfin time of the year.

All the Fairies are coming from everywhere,
To dance in the moonlight here;
And they're going to dress in the loveliest things
You ever dreamed of, Dear!

There'll be the Fairies of the Moon, of course,
All dressed in misty white,
With beautiful silvery gauzy wings;
And a star-tipped wand for light.

They'll skip along down the moonbeams, Dear,
So I heard the roses say,
A lovely, dancing shimmering band,
Twinkling all the way!

And the little Fairies of the Clouds, you know,
They're coming, too, with the rest.
And what will you say when I tell you, Dear,
How those darling little Fairies'll be dressed?

Why, they're just going to bundle themselves all up
In lovely sunset clouds,
And come trailing along down the sky to us,
In beautiful shining crowds.

Some of the very, very littlest ones
Will dress in pinky white,
And some of the others in orange, and red,
All fringed with golden light.

And then there're the dear little Water-fairies, too,
You can't guess how sweet they'll be!
In little dresses of white foam-mist,
All hung with pearls from the sea.

And the little Queen of the Flowers 'll be there,
Sitting up on her lovely throne.
Just wait till I tell you about it, Dear—
You'll wish 't was your very own!

The darling little Fairies of the Snow made it,
Dear,
All glistening frosty white;
Made it, up in their home in Cloudland there,
And they're bringing it down to-night.

It's just like a beautiful frosty cave,
All sparkling with diamonds, Dear,
And frosty lace-work, that'll glisten bright
Out in the moonlight here.

And the roses have made the softest carpet
Out of sweet rose-petals, you know;
And the pansies, cushions of purple velvet—
They all love their little Queen so!

And the Butterfly fairies will be there, too,
In their lovely velvet clothes,
With their beautiful wings of orange and black,
And yellow, and purple and rose.

And oh, there are ever so many more—
I can hardly remember them all!
Who're coming to-night—just think of it, Dear,
To dance at the Fairies' ball!

So hurry up, quick, and close your eyes,
For I heard the roses say
That to see the Fairies one must always come
Around by Dreamland way.

THE LITTLE SLEEPY SONG

THE LITTLE SLEEPY SONG

There's someone singing a little song
  Out in the garden to-night;
A queer little sleepy, sleepy song,
  Out there in the soft moonlight.

And the little song goes "zactly" like this,
  Ah—ziz—z—z—zis!
And I wonder who it is that's singing
  That little song of Ziz—zis?

There's a queer little frog in the pond out there,
  I wonder if it is he?
And is he singing himself to sleep,
  Or is he singing to me?

LITTLE SUNSET SHIP OF DREAMS

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LITTLE SUNSET SHIP OF DREAMS

There's a little ship sails out to sea
  At sunset-time each day,
With a little crew all sound asleep;
  And it's bound for Dreamland Bay.

Across the silver waves it goes
  Softly as a dream,
Far out to sea, in the misty light
  Of the Evening Star, agleam.

Oh, little ship of Baby Dreams
  Far out on the sapphire sea,
May the dear white angels softly watch
  O'er thy little crew and thee!

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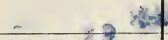

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